

Confessions: Changed By You

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Summary: A drabble written to the song "Changed By You" by Between The Trees. I don't own the song, or the characters. HijiSai, so BL warning and yaoi warning. Nothing hardcore, just fluffykins of fluffernuffers and the evil trolls of angsty sadness.

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**\*\*Author's Notes: \*\***This story is a simple drabble that I wrote for someone else's Hijikata-muse. It's fictional and everything, and I own nothing from Hakuouki, not the plot or the characters.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Please wait while I slowly untie my tongue tonight<em>

><em>I pray by some feeble my words would tell you what my heart has to say<em>

><em>'Cause you've always been right beside me for so many days<em>

><em>How could I be without you now?<em>

><em>'Cause I am changed by you<em>

><em>The more I get to know you<em>

><em>The more I want you close to me<em>

><em>And I'll take care of you<em>

><em>Please just say you'll let me<em>

><em>Forever be whatever you need<em>

Saitou brushed his fingers through his bangs, pushing them out of his face. He sat at his desk, staring down at the paper on which he planned to write his confession down for Hijikata. The words didn't seem to come to him. He fumbled for them, fingers stroking over the smooth wood of his calligraphy pen. His head turned, finally, eyes looking out to the sakura tree just outside his room, eyes wandering through the soon-to-be budding branches. It sprung up from the

ground, unwavering each year, never felled by the winter's strong winds or icy storms, much like the young samurai's heart. How could he find the words to say how he felt?

He couldn't. And so, he put it off.

And so if you're supposed to get what you deserve in life\_

><em>And you came just in the nick of time<em>  
><em>God's grace has overtaken me<em>  
><em>My love, needless to say, I am blessed by you<em>  
><em>'Cause you are the one, you are the one that I've been waiting for<em>  
><em>I've been waiting for<em>

Time passed. Too much time. The war was drawing to a head. The Shinsengumi was fighting in Aizu, and Saitou felt drawn to stay with them despite his commanders wishes to move on. He couldn't leave the clan that had helped them behind. Where was the honor in that? But he also couldn't leave his commander without letting him know. He couldn't let Hijikata go on to war - and possibly to death - not without telling him.

So the samurai moved to Hijikata's tent in the dead of the night. Troops were busy either sleeping or taking their turn packing for the move. The commander was alone - for which Saitou was thankful. He stepped into the tent, oceanic gaze meeting vibrant amythest. Saitou motioned for Hijikata to remain silent, moving to sit behind him.

"Forgive meâ€¦ Hijikata-san. I knew you would be alone, and I must speak with youâ€¦" He shifted, lifting his gaze to the roof of the tent, fingers clasping together on his lap. He again motioned for Hijikata to remain silent, opening his mouth to speak. His voice failed him once more, and so he closed his lips, contemplating for a moment. When he finally did speak, his voice was soft, choked with emotion.

"Hijikata-san, long have I followed you. From the Sheikan to Kyoto, everywhere between, and until now, I have not felt the need to diverge from this path. I feel you should knowâ€¦ I did not follow you or Kondou-san simply because of the ideals and honor you carryâ€¦ That was only partly why I continued to follow orders and carry on in the name of the Shinsengumi, and why I will continue to carry the banner. The Shinsengumi will forever stay within my heart, no matter what the outcome of this warâ€¦"

He paused, taking a deep breath in, his fingers tightening in their clasp together, "I follow you not only because of these reasons, but because my heart has overtaken my actions. I fight to survive and remain by your side. I never wish to be apart from you, yet here I am, requesting to remain with the Aizu clan." The younger sighed, his fingers untangling and clasping his kimono, tightening in the fabric. "Hijikata-sanâ€¦ I believe I am in love with youâ€¦"

Lifting his head, he looked into the other's eyes, but quickly looked away, his heart pounding in his chest. He said no more, simply letting the words hang between them. He could barely breathe, let alone speak. His fingers trembled, the only sign of his emotions.

\_You melt my fears away\_  
><em>And reach inside me with your eyes<em>  
><em>And light a burning fire<em>  
><em>And I cannot stop staring<em>

\* \* \*

><p>Many years after the war, Saitou would look back on his words that night and wonder if he had made the right decision. Telling his commander hadn't been easy, and parting from him the next day was even worse.<p>

But nothing would compare to the pain of learning of his death. The words, "I'm sorry, Hijikata-san didn't survive the battle," broke down the wall holding back his emotions. He felt dead inside, broken past the point of living. But Shimpachi had rescued him, had helped him build himself back up. Together they built the memorials for the fallen Shinsengumi members. Together they built the memorial for Hijikata, one that honored his life and death. Together, they paved the way for the recognition of the Shinsengumi and it's powerful history to the world. People would look back and comment on how brave the Shinsengumi were, how honorable, how undefeated they were in spirit - and at the head of it would always and forever be Kondou-san and Hijikata-san.

Saitou always wondered if Hijikata would be proud of him.

\_And I am changed by you\_  
><em>The more I get to know you<em>  
><em>The more I want you close to me<em>  
><em>And I'll take care of you<em>  
><em>Please just say you'll let me<em>  
><em>Forever be whatever you need<em>

End  
file.